That my report is iust and full of truth,
But soft, me thinkes I doe digresse too much,
Cyting my worthles praise, Oh pardon me,
For when no friends are by, men praise themselues.
Marcus. Now is my turne to speake: behold this childe,
Of this was *Tamora* deliuered,
The issue of an irreligious *Moore*,
Chiefe Architect and plotter of these woes,
The villaine is aliue in *Titus* house,
And as he is to witnes this is true,
Now iudge what course had *Titus* to reuenge,
These wrongs, vnspeakeable past pacience,
Or more then any liuing man could beare.
Now you haue heard the truth, what say you Romanes?
Haue we done ought amisse? show vs wherein,
And from the place where you behold vs now,
The poore remainder of *Andronicie*
Will hand in hand all headlong cast vs downe,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our braines,
And make a mutuall closure of our house:
Speake Romaines speake, and if you say we shall,
Lo hand in hand *Lucius* and I will fall.
Emilius. Come come thou reuerent man of Rome,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperour for well I know,
The common voyce doe cry it shall be so.
Marcus. Lucius, all haile Romes royall Emperour,
Goe goe into old *Titus* sorrowfull house,
And hither hale that misbelieuing *Moore*,
To be adiudgd some direfull slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.
Lucius all haile to Romes gracious Gouernour.
Lucius. Thankes gentle Romaines may I gouerne so,
To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe:

But

But gentle people giue me aim
For nature puts me to a heauie
Stand all aloofe, but Vnckle
To shed obsequious teares vp
Oh take this warme kisse on t
These sorrowful drops vpon
The last true duties of thy nob
Marc. Teare for teare, and
Thy brother *Marcus* tenders
Oh were the summe of these t
Countlesse and infinite, yet w
Lucius. Come hither boy co
To melt in showers, thy Gran
Many a time he dauncst thee o
Sung thee asleepe, his louing
Many a matter hath he told
Meete and agreeing with thin
In that respect then, like a lou
Shed yet some small drops f
Because kinde nature doth re
Friends should associate frien
Bid him farewell, commit hi
Doe them that kindnes, and
Puer. O Grandsier, Grand
Would I were dead so you d
O Lord I cannot speake to hi
My teares will choake me if
Romains. You sad *Andronic*
Giue sentence on this execra
That hath bene breeder of th
Lucius. Set him breast deep
There let him stand and raue
If any one releeues or pittres
For the offence he dies, this i

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